

King. With all my heart.
Prin. Then brother *John* of *Lancaster*,
To you this honourable bountie shall belong,
Goe to the *Douglas*, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleasure ransomelesse and free.
His valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.
King. Then this remains that we diuide our Power:
You Sonne *John*, and my Cousin *Westmerland*,
Toward *York* shall bend you with your dearest speede,
To meete *Norshumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are busily in armes:
My selfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will toward *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the checke of such another day:
And since this businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.

F7N IS.

